

Oxford Democrat.

No. 30, Vol. 6, New Series.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. CHASE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the
Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond
the amount charged for the advertisement. A reason-
able deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

Poetry.

LABORS THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardening tell'd pain,
Like rigorous winter in the soul,
Which doth mature the body grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers!
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
You exalted slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil,
Is not so free a man as I!
He wears the letters of his clan;
Wealth, birth and rank have hedged him in;
I heed but this, that I am *not*,
And to the great in mind akin!

Thank God, that like the mountain oak,
My soul is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.

The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degraded not, however aloft may deem;

'Tis the degrades—to cringe and bow;

And sp' the vice we detest.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood;
And for that sad experience.

What leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;

Brother in toil, respect thyself;

And let thy steadfast virtue show!

That man is nobler far than self!

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace;

And dim the light of peace within!

Give me thy hand, my brother, give

Thy hand and toiled stained hand to me;

We are no dreamers, we shall live!

A brighter, better day to see!

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone."

The little opening flower transposed cries—

"Not to myself alone I bid and bloom;

With fragrant breath the breeze I perfume;

And gladness all things with my rainbow dyes:

The bee comes sipping, every eventide;

His dainty fill;

The butterfly within my cup doth hide

From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star with honest pride doth boast—

"Not to myself alone I rise and set;

I write up night's coronal of jet

His power and skill who formed my myriad host

A friendly bower to heaven's open gate,

I pen the sky;

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,

His home on high!

"Not to myself alone,"

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

"Not to myself alone from flower to flower

I rove the wood, the garden and the bower;

And to the hove of evening weary come;

For man, for man the fuscous load I pile

With busy care;

Content of thus repay my careless toil—

A scanty share!"

"Not to myself alone,"

The singing bird with lute minstrel sings—

"Not to myself alone I sing the song."

I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue;

And bear the mourner on my wavy wings."

I bid the hymn as court my anthem strain,

And sing a solo,

I call the world from his doves to turn,

And sing a solo,

"Not to myself alone,"

The streamlet whispering its giddy way—

"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;

I scatter the and health on every side,

And strew the fields with herds and flowers gay

Long to the coming task and bare,

My gladdening time;

I sweeten and refresh the languid air

In drowsy June!"

"Not to myself alone,"

O, man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!

Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart!

In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part

Chief of guitars at love's unbridging feast,

Play not the ingard, spurn that native cloud,

And self known,

Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,

Not to thyself alone.

WEEP NOT.

"Weep not"—when you vain the words—how sad in sorrow

Fall the cold words of comfort on the ear

"Weep not"—such gentle lips no phrases barrow

"Weep not"—such words comfort the falling tear

"Go tell the Briton when she precesses

Her first-born to the bier, whom far-off three

Brought the young life, to still her fond caresses,

And flush for transports, ere to voices woe

Then say 'tis 'll be calm—keep not." Did we inherit

No earthly sympathies to hold those frail

Endearing tie, then might the last ring spirit

Need the wise counsel, and the words prevail

We have best loved to look on?—when 's flown,

Gaze we not backwards on its lingering traces?

As on life's darkened path we tread alone?

The bird pine for its mate—say, if a flower,

It too rapidly from its green stem torn,

Its tree will drop and die. It is the bower

Of hearts that best have loved to deepest mourn.

"Weep—welcome tears!" any rather, there is sorrow

Than know'st not of—the balm of tears denies.

Night is not glad in going on To-morrow,

But sheds her silent tears when Daylight dries.

Aeolian on the death of Col. Watson.

Weep for the brave, the talented, the good!

A chief who for his country died his blood,

The patriot soldier, and the nation's pride,

Sheep with two fangs gold, and like Ringgold died.

None more respected are now left living—*Sheep* *gold*

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, December 1, 1846.

Old Series, No. 39, Vol. 15.

THIS STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

NATHAN HALE.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his aged mother farewell.

I see that picture before me now.

A two story house, built of dark grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the road-side, while all around arise the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hay-rick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; everything seems beautiful and holy. There is a purple flush upon the Western sky, a sombre richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbues and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder, on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silver hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lays open on her knee. Her dress is of plain rude texture, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her home-spun costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance, are uplifted. She is gazing in the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting frock, faced with fur, while his rifle rested against the door and his pistols are girded to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume, this, but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read, a clear soul, shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant-meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yester evening from the halls of YALE, the poetry of the Past, shining serenely in his soul, here to his childhood's home, comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you.

One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew volume—with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue, now lost to man, in the silence of ages, he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by, the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first DEAD MAN OF LEXINGTON.

That sight roused his blood: the voices of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; put on the hunting shirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes, which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room, whose walls had heard his earnest soliloquies; and then he was a soldier.

The Child of Genius felt the strong cords of patriotism drawing him toward the last bed of the Martyrs on Bunker Hill.

And now, in the sunset hour, he stands by his mother's side, taking one last look at that wrinkled face, listening for the last tremor to the tremulous tones of that solemn voice.

"I did hope, my child," said the aged woman, "I did hope to see you ministering at the Altar of Almighty God, but the enemy is in the land, and your duty is plain before you. Go, my son—fight like a man for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with your cause; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at best a fearful thing, a terrible license for human butchery; but a war like this, is holy in the eyes of God. Go—and when you fight, may you conquer, or if you fall in death, remember your mother's blessing is on your head!"

"General Washington desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island; he would examine the enemy's post; he would peril his life for Washington. Nay, he would peril more than his life; he would peril his honor. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope, dies in honor; but the man who is taken as a spy, is a traitor."

"He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

"I am to die in the morning," began the student, or prisoner, as you may choose to call him.

"Yes," growled the Provost, "you were taken as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning, you will be hanged as a spy."

"That was the fatal secret. General Washington

desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his face betraying deep emotion; yet it was not the agitation of fear. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the Giraffe!

He now approached the British officer, and spoke in a calm, yet hollow voice:

"My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters."

He extended some four or five letters, among which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, one to Washington.

"Promise me, that you will have those letters delivered after I am dead."

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then, with an oath, made answer:

"By—, I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!"

sive tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unfaltering voice, she bade him go, fight for his country and conquer in the name of God.

"Or—she exclaimed, placing her hands against his breast, while her eyes were riveted to his face, 'should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a Soldier's death!'

That was the last word she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

I see that picture before me now.

From the Bank Times.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Every friend of the rights of man, acquainted at all with the principles of the party, must admit that the democratic party is the party of equality, and if all true hearted Democrats would pause there and insist on obedience to that precept, no power could shake them.

Those who promote the equality of man, in all things conform to truth and nature; those who oppose it, certainly oppose the divine decrees.

The natural state of man and society is equality. Inequality is an unnatural and artificial state and a basis upon which no equal government can rest. In our country the best Democracy is found where property is most equal, and individuals are upon an equal footing.

Aristocracy is for your wealthy villages; and thus we find that the division of parties as they now exist, is a natural division, and comes from men's different social positions.

We have only to take a fair and comparative view of the history of the two parties, and of the principles they have advocated, to be convinced that the Federalists and Republicans of '98, and the Whigs and Democrats of 1846, maintain the same relative positions, and mutually contest the same principles. The one the party of equality and philanthropy, and the other the fraud party of inequality, privilege and monopoly. And having stood in natural opposition for nearly half a century, it is highly probable that they will so continue, for half a century to come, unless, indeed, that rich men shall cease to covet wealth and influence by the special action of the government or their private possessions.

The party of Equality have thus far proved the strongest in all struggles and kept the government firm and stable. This is as true as is consoling to all who love their country and mankind. And there is another truth, frequently lost sight of, that men's opposition in this community, generally, if not always, make their policies, and not any artificial preconcert and combination.

The Aristocrats of the early government were the men of unequal fortune, and they naturally struggled to enjoy in the government the same inequality that they did in the community. They were the men who staid at home in the revolution, much preferring the arts of thrift, to empty fame in their country's councils, or in arms.

The Democrats of that period were the great mass; the men of equal fortune, and they strove to preserve in the government the equality which they enjoyed in the community. This they called liberty, and for this they forfeited their lives and pledged their substance.

This was a natural division, resulting from a diversity of condition, and identical with our present division.

Men as naturally struggle for equality as they do to satisfy any of nature's wants. The propensity is the basis of all good character in individuals, and who dreads its effects, and affects to condemn it but those men who are in the act of obtaining some unfair advantage in society or in the government?

Its operation is universal. No community however large or small, but what contains within itself elements of the aristocratic and the Democratic party. We see it in our common government, and it is alike visible in every primary people's meeting, and in all our religious and municipal communities, and what some, perhaps, may not credit, these elements of dissension are in the Democratic party itself.

We have the party of privilege, commonly called Conservative, or those who strive to preserve their inequality by artificial means, and we have the party of Equality, the common mass of democrats.

The two compose the equal rights Democrats, and the monopoly or aristocratical Democrats, who generally end their political career in disgrace or in the Whig ranks.

But no mere nominal democrat can despise these equalizing tendencies of our nation, without sundering their own professed faith.

Aristocrats of all parties, denounce all true democrats as radicals, levelers, and destructives, by which they would seem to infer that we entertain a feeling of hostility against the rich, and would, were it in our power, cause them to disgorge their wealth, and make an indiscriminate distribution of it,—in other words, we would set the poor against the rich. But the charge is altogether unjust, and entirely unfounded.

As far as relates to wealth, democracy guarantees to every man the quiet possession of his lawful gains, and protects his legal rights. The only object of its hostility, connected with wealth, is granting exclusive privileges by which a sort of monopoly is created, and by which one class obtains facilities to accumulate riches to the exclusion of another, and a more numerous class, and over which, by this means, the rich acquire an undue influence. We may say that our constitution is democratic in its principles, and is decidedly hostile to grants or special privileges of this description; that while it leaves a man free to pursue, with what success he may, any lawful calling that may suit his pleasure, it leaves the way open alike to all, without obstructions, other than public safety, and individual protection that may require, and never contemplated that while acting under its sanctions, legislative bodies should make laws, or pass acts, for the special use and benefit of some to the exclusion of others.

That democracy has sympathy for the poor, is unquestionably true. Wealth gives power and influence to its possessor, and in a government like ours, emphatically a community of rights, one great object is, to defend the rights of the poor against their injurious exercise. This is a truly democratic principle. It is the principle of republican equality. Wealth has ever made war upon poverty; the rich have ever labored to subject the poor to their control. Too generally have they succeeded. In this country, the poor have the power of self protection. That power consists, alone, in the use of the ballot box, which is not better improved!

It is the part of democracy to urge them to the free and proper exercise of this power, and by it to prevent the encroachments which wealth

would otherwise be certain to make on popular rights, to sustain and increase its undue influence. If this is radicalism or agrarianism, then are the true members of the Democratic party levelers—but, by this alone, will the poor avoid becoming the slaves of the rich—and if they wish to become such, let them give their support to the more wealthy party.

Justice requires that all should have their rights, the poor as well as the rich—and it is for the true interests of all classes, the rich as well as the poor, that every man be in the possession of his rights. Then let equality forever predominate among men.

TOBACCO BOMBARDED!

New Orleans papers of the 16th and 17th inst. bring intelligence from the U. States squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, and from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. The Daily Mail gives us a synopsis of the news.

An attack had been made on Tobasco, which was entirely successful. Its object was to cut out certain prizes anchored in the river, and they were all taken. When the city was summoned to surrender, the people was for yielding, but the Governor and soldiers opposed it.

Time was then given for all peaceable people women and children, to get out of harm's way; but the Governor will not allow any one to leave; so it is feared most of those killed in the bombardment, were other than soldiers. Some of the enemy's regulars, however, were killed.

The fleet left Anton Lizardo, October 16th, and arrived at Frontera the 23d, and captured two steamers, and several small schooners: on the 24th and 25th they ascended the river seventy-two miles to Tobasco, towed by the Petrol and Vixen. They passed the Devil's Turn at 2 P. M., landed and spiked four 28 pounders. Arrived off Tobasco G P. M., and anchored in line, 150 yards from the shore—and summoned the city to surrender, which was refused, when three shots were fired from the Vixen. An officer came off, begging that the hospitals might be spared, which was granted. On Sunday no damage was done. One brig, three schooners, a large sloop were in all captured. At the town and below, there were nine vessels and many boats captured. On Monday the 26th, at day-light, there began a smart fire of musketry from the shore, which was returned by our guns, and continued for some time, at intervals. A flag of truce came off, beseeching us to save the town. The Commodore assented, because, as he said, he only wished to frighten the soldiers.

The prizes were got under way, and ready for returning. The enemy's white flag was flying all the while. W. A. Parker, the Lieutenant, got ashore with his prize vessel, and was attacked by eighty soldiers, whom he beat off with 18 men only; losing one and getting two wounded. This action lasted thirty minutes, when Lieut. C. W. Morris was despatched to him with orders, and he passing the heavy fire of the enemy, was wounded in the neck with a musket ball.—He stood up in his boat and cheered the men on gallantly till he fell in the arms of Midshipman Cheever.

The Commodore then commenced cannonading in good earnest from the Vixen, the Bonita, the Nimita, and the Forward; and in three-quarters of an hour, he almost destroyed the city, sparing the houses of the foreign consuls.

At mid-day, the fleet left, firing up the streets as they passed them. All the prizes were saved except one, which grounded and was burned by the Commodore's orders, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The McLane struck on the bar at the mouth of the river, and did not get over to participate in the engagement.

Lieut. Morris died on board the Cumberland on the 1st inst. and was buried with military honors.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM MONTEREY.

The New Orleans Picayune has received a letter from a distinguished officer of the Americans at Monterey, which is three days later than anything we have seen. That portion of it in relation to Bustamante we look upon as rather doubtful, although the old general may have been sent up in the neighborhood of Chilpancingo and Somora to look after General Wool. We made extracts from the letter, says the Union, which is dated Oct. 29. Poor Ridgely is dead! He was buried yesterday, and is mourned by the entire army. Major Lear will not live twenty-four hours longer. We have late news from San Luis de Potosi, to the effect that Santa Anna was there with 12,000 men and no less than forty-seven general! He was recruiting daily, but his intentions were not known. It is reported that Bustamante has gone north, in the direction of Chihuahua, to meet Gen. Wool, and further, it is positively asserted that the Indians are killing and laying waste all before them in the latter State.

We understand that despatches have been communicated from Gen. Wool. He was with in three or four days march of Monclova, and was about 135 miles from Monterey. The report which the last evening's southern mail brings us from Monterey—viz., that Gen. Ampudia was attempting to intercept Gen. Wool, seems to be entirely without foundation. It appears from Gen. Taylor, that Ampudia had abandoned Saltillo without completing its fortifications, and had gone southwardly, probably to San Luis de Potosi, instead of going to cope with Gen. Wool. Gen. Taylor considers himself almost as much master of Saltillo as if he were actually in the city.

SKIRMISH WITH SOME RANCHEROS. A letter from Capt. Calhoun, of the Georgia volunteers, dated Monterey, Oct. 12, states that on the 14th, there was a skirmish, about six miles from Monterey, between a part of the Georgia regiment on its way from Camargo, and a body of the marauding rancheros under Canales. The Georgians were commanded by Lieut. Horne and began the attack; they made ten of the rancheros prisoners, killed one and captured some baggage. Several were wounded. None of the Georgians were killed or wounded.

OXFORD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Committee on Corn, Wheat, Rye, &c. awarded,

To Jedediah Burbank, of Bethel, for the best specimen of Indian Corn, being 143 bushels per acre, the first premium.

To James French of Albany, for second best, being 121 bushels per acre,

To Daniel Warren, of Waterford, for third best, being 116 bushels per acre,

To James French for best Seed Corn,

To Luther Houghton, of Waterford, for best crop of Rye, being 24 bushels per acre,

To B. B. Willis, of Hanover, for Beans,

To Josiah Dudley, of Paris, for best crop of Oats, being 77 bushels per acre,

To Squire Bishop, of Peru, for best crop of Wheat, being 31 bushels per acre,

To John Baker, of Waterford, for second best, being 27 1/2 bushels per acre,

To Mallory Brown, of Waterford, for 40 lbs. Flour from one bush. Wheat gratuity.

In addition to the list of premiums awarded, your Committee ask leave to present some other facts connected with the culture of the various kinds of grain presented for premium.

Seven entries were made for premium on Indian Corn. Beside those to whom premiums were awarded, Messrs. John Baker, of Waterford raised 108 bushels per acre; Farum Jewett, of Waterford, 100 bushels; Arch Leavitt, of Turner, 104 bushels; and Zury Robinson, of Summer, 100 3/4 bushels, besides 1 bushel Beans, 4 ear loads of Pumpkins, and 5 bushels Potatoes from seed wintered in the ground, on one acre.

These products are unprecedented, being much higher than those of any other County in the State, so far as has been reported. Allow me merely to say that our young men need not be so zealous to migrate to the far west, when they can raise 140 bushels of corn in old Oxford.—Many good farmers amongst us, however, can hardly believe that such crops are, or can be raised.

And in that connection, your Committee suggest to all future claimants for premium, that they cause their land to be measured by a known Surveyor, and employ some person in whom the public can place implicit confidence, to measure the grain or crop.

Your Committee find by examination of the certificates of claimants, that in all cases, to ensure a large crop, the ground must be thoroughly and deeply ploughed and harrowed; also a heavy dressing of manure ploughed in, (except on rich pasture land,) and in addition thereto a quantity of strong manure must also be put in the hills, or as a top dressing, is very efficient. On the question, 'How thick should corn be planted?' there is great diversity of opinion amongst the community. One fact is indisputable, viz.: Rich land may be planted thicker than that of moderate fertility. Mr. Burbank raised his corn on a good interval; furrowed 3 1/2 feet wide, and the hills stand about 2 1/2 feet apart. His corn is of a kind called 'Dion'.

Mr. French planted 3 feet one way and 2 the other—his corn an eight rowed variety. He mixed ashes and salt with his compost for the hill. Mr. Robinson planted 3 1/2 feet wide, hills 20 inches apart.—Some applicates by planting too close and too many stalks in a hill, diminished the size thereof by rendering corn lighter and less valuable per bushel.

Of Wheat, but two entries were made, to both of which your Committee awarded a premium. Mr. Bishop of Peru, exhibited one bushel of seed wheat for premium. But as Committee had awarded him a premium on his crop of wheat, they presumed they were not authorized to award a premium on his seed wheat also. But they must say, in justice, that his wheat was of a very superior quality, and under other circumstances, they should most cheerfully have granted him a premium on his seed wheat.

But one entry was made for Oats, viz.: by Josiah Dudley, of Paris, to whom your Committee awarded the premium as above. There was also but one entry for Beans, viz.: by B. B. Willis, of Hanover, who raised 60 bushels per acre, to whom we have awarded a premium. Mr. Houghton of Waterford, made the only entry for Rye, whose crop of Spring Rye we have granted a premium.

Many fine specimens of seed Corn were presented for show, or premium. As but one premium could be granted, many deserving specimens had to be passed by. Among the best were Capt. Eames, of Bethel; Noah Prince of Buckfield; Crombie Watson, Daniel Chaplin, and Daniel Warren, of Waterford; a specimen from Paris, and one from Norway—owners not recollect.

Many fine specimens of seed Corn were presented for show, or premium. As but one premium could be granted, many deserving specimens had to be passed by. Among the best were Capt. Eames, of Bethel; Noah Prince of Buckfield; Crombie Watson, Daniel Chaplin, and Daniel Warren, of Waterford; a specimen from Paris, and one from Norway—owners not recollect.

No entry was made for Peas. Your Committee suggest whether more attention ought not to be given to this crop. As the Potato crop is at present precarious, would not Peas be a good substitute for fattening swine. Finally your Committee suggest the propriety of offering premiums for corn on land of less quantity than an acre, so that men of small means may compete with their richer neighbors.

Respectfully submitted.

DANIEL CHAPLIN, Chairman.

The following are the officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

Job Prince, President.

James Burbank, Vice President.

Jedediah Burbank,

Thomas Crocker,

Benj. Tuckett,

Levi Brown,

Charles L. Eastis,

Philo Clark,

Thomas Souther,

Janus S. Keith, Corresponding Sec'y.

Eliot Smith, Recording Sec'y. Treasurer and Collector.

Trustees.

John Prince, President.

James Burbank, Vice President.

Jedediah Burbank,

Thomas Crocker,

Benj. Tuckett,

Levi Brown,

Charles L. Eastis,

Philo Clark,

Thomas Souther,

Janus S. Keith, Corresponding Sec'y.

Eliot Smith, Recording Sec'y. Treasurer and Collector.

John Prince, President.

James Burbank, Vice President.

Jedediah Burbank,

Thomas Crocker,

Benj. Tuckett,

Levi Brown,

Charles L. Eastis,

Philo Clark,

Thomas Souther,

Janus S. Keith, Corresponding Sec'y.

Eliot Smith, Recording Sec'y. Treasurer and Collector.

John Prince, President.

James Burbank, Vice President.

Jedediah Burbank,

Thomas Crocker,

Benj. Tuckett,

Levi Brown,

Charles L. Eastis,

Philo Clark,

Thomas Souther,

Janus S. Keith, Corresponding Sec'y.

Eliot Smith, Recording Sec'y. Treasurer and Collector.

John Prince, President.

James Burbank, Vice President.

Jedediah Burbank,

Thomas Crocker,

The children should, as a part of their education, also learn something of their own nature, physical and moral, and intellectual; and something of their relation to their Creator. The physical nature of man, his relation to the natural law, and the cause of health and disease, the children should grow up familiar with. The moral and intellectual natures, and the laws which the Creator has given them, should be known to all; that every man may foresee and avoid the misery from their infringement. And the children should early and impressively see the requirements of the Creator, and the duties they owe to Him as their preserver and benefactor.

But few of these things are taught in our elementary schools—taught clearly, understandingly, and practically as they should be. They may be, and we trust, there will soon be introduced such books and tracings into our common schools as to prove the truth of this assertion. There is no necessity of keeping a child eight or ten years, to learn his prime, write his name, cipher to the rule of three, and have books and learning all the rest of his life!

No—our schools can and ought to increase the mind of the nation. They ought to enlarge its views, its productive powers, its energies, and render the people morally and intellectually happy. The common schools should prepare men for their callings, and for self-government.

Let the principles of education be thus carried out, and you fix the seal of that system which has given the flush of health and glow of youth to the dying carcass of aristocratical prejudice. The old tyrant has domineered long enough. It is time the spell was broken. We may not live to see the beast dead and buried, but know by the light of the rising sun of American principles that each will be its bane. Every thing of the obnoxious caste is failing before the light of reason and cause in sense. Those that would linger, will longer in vain; they may uselessly stagger for a while in the current of public opinion, but they will finally be carried along with it.

ELECTIONS.

The last trial, for the election of Representatives to the next Legislature, resulted in the choice of eleven Democrats and six Federalists and Federal Abolitionists. The House now stands, according to the Augustus Age, 68 Democrats, 62 Federalists and Abolitionists, and the member from Astorook. There are fourteen vacancies, of these, ten are now represented by Democrats and four by Federalists.

Thus it will be seen that the prospects of the Federalists in this State have become desperate, and from the tone of their papers all hope of success has well nigh gone. With proper exertion, on the part of our friends, ten at least, of the remaining fourteen districts can be carried next Monday. The field is fast narrowing down, and it is high time for all sectional and personal considerations to be thrown aside. Local difficulties and subordinate questions have already lost to the Democracy several districts, and will yet give the Federalists the House, unless they are abandoned. To vote, and vote unitedly, is all that is necessary to prevent such a consummation.

It is therefore highly necessary for our friends to be alive to the importance of the next trial. We now have the power to elect Mr. Diane beyond the possibility of a doubt. Nothing but gross negligence or something worse, can defeat him. To secure this result, and make it absolutely certain, every Democrat in the non-electing districts should be at the polls next Monday, and when there, vote the regular ticket. Will our friends in those districts in this County look seriously to the importance of a vigorous and united effort to save the State from Federal misrule? They can, if they but will it.

A duel was fought with pistols opposite Matawanas between two inhabitants of that place, Daniel Murphy and John Kasey. At the first fire, Murphy was shot in the side, above the hip—the wound is said to be severe, but not dangerous.

A letter writer says that a motor, to appearance larger than the sun, was seen at Louisville, Lewis County, N. Y., on the night of the 11th inst. It fell in a field, and was found to be a body of foul, jelly-like matter, four feet in diameter, and weighing 142 pounds.

In Philadelphia, December Vaux has arrested a counterfeiter, and seized \$2000 in notes of \$50s, \$10s and \$5s on the Bank of Montgomery County, the Trenton Banking Company, and several other banks; also three "alarming plates" on the Mechanics' Bank of Burlington, the Bank of Montgomery County, and the Trenton Banking Company, and two plates, one for \$30 on the Trenton Banking Company, and one for \$10 on the Bank of Commerce.

From the Racing, Wisconsin, Argus, we learn that George McFadden, of that county, has given the editor a squash weighing 157 pounds. Mr. McFadden raised from one seed twelve of these vegetables, the aggregate weight of which was 1113 pounds. The aggregate length of the vines from this seed was 1860 feet, and the largest squash weighed 164 pounds—the largest squash of the vegetable species which we recollect to have heard of. Mr. McFadden is one of the best farmers in the territory.

How J. Q. Adams.—The Boston Daily Advertiser says—"We are happy to state that the symptoms which existed at the time of the attack of Mr. Adams, have materially improved. He has in a great degree the power of articulation and the use of the limb of the affected side. He is free from pain, has the full use of his faculties, and though feeble, is able to sit up for short periods."

JEROME.—The notorious Charles R. Bigelow, who is now in confinement in Boston awaiting his trial for bigamy, has been indicted, by the Grand Jury in Portland, for the murder of Col. Henley in 1843.

FRASER.—The Boston Olive Branch says a large portion of the white sugar in the market has a large admixture of *poisoned* sugar in it—say two or three ounces in every pound.

The old federalists which seeks to re-elect John Davis to the U. S. Senate is so sure that the Eagle, the organ of the natives in Boston, blames it thus—

"To our mind the Worcester Spy might be engaged in much better business than in libeling our country in Mexico. We have nothing to say with regard to the justice or injustice of the war, but we wish an American editor that would copy and enforce our views and denounce attacks upon our army from Mexican papers, as well as from the press of the United States."

THANKSGIVING.

The good old custom of Thanksgiving and Praise for the many favors which a kind Providence has bestowed upon us during the year, will be observed as usual on Thursday, in accordance with the executive proclamation. We gladly welcome the return of this great festival—a custom of the nations, and one which of itself should go far to clear them of the charge of being the stink they are often represented to have been.

Without doubt, a century and a half ago, the social life of these predominated over the religious. It was in days of

prayers and sermons and long faces. THANKSGIVINGS were the days of joy, when, along with praise and prayer, there were feasts and songs—when the family gathered under the old homestead, and along with the fat of the land fixed with the heat of experience of cookery, every thing was in abundance to gratify the "inner man." The old puritanas sometimes represented as living almost exclusively for the world to come, but their dresses, houses and larders tell the redeeming tale that they lived also for this world. THANKSGIVINGS, hunting, weddings and ordinances, were days of hilarity. Scripture warranted them to set apart a time to laugh as well as to weep, to eat as well as to fast—and what they could quote Scripture for doing they did with all their hearts.

This festival is peculiarly a national one, and of so good a character that it has won its way from the small band of pilgrims who instituted it, into national observance—but few of the States composing our glorious Union disregard it. There seems to be a general desire on the part of the Executives of the different States, to appoint a day of Thanksgiving as near as may be to each other; and in time we think a uniform day will be selected in all the States, which will give the custom more of a national character than it now has. This would give a greater zest to the day, for people naturally enjoy all the more any occasion for rejoicing, the more there are to rejoice with them. Seventeen States kept Thanksgiving last Thursday.

In the absence of the day, its true character should not be lost sight of. It is founded upon the sentiment of reverence for the Deity, and in a sense of our dependence upon Providence for all the blessings we enjoy. As a people, we have peculiar reasons to be grateful, above all others, for we have enjoyed free institutions, a civil and climate so various that we have little need to fear a famine, such as now threatens Ireland and some other European countries. We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe, and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the restrictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective, so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a market for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

If we look abroad, we have cause to be thankful that the Democratic Principle, slowly though slowly, is making its way into the institutions of the old world. It is truly growing more important in its demands—more decided in its triumphs.

We are, as a nation, so beautifully supplied with food, that we could provide for a good portion of Europe,

and indeed our great want is, a market abroad for the great surplus of food we raise. A further modification of the re-

strictive laws of the nations of Europe are, however, prospective,

so that ere many years have elapsed, we may find a mar-

ket for all of our surplus food among the starving millions of the old world.

**WOOD'S
SARAPILLA AND WILD CHERRY
BITTERS.**

For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an Impaired Blood, Impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Spleen, Weakness of the Nervous System, and a deranged Habit of the Constitution generally.

D. R. WOOD'S Sarapilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. have always, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need or recommendation. Being prepared of the most excellent materials, they can be fully recommended as a safe and efficacious medicine, fitted for the use of man under whatever circumstances he may placed. At sea or on land, at home or abroad, in summer's heat or winter's cold, with a common regard to the conditions of health, and with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills at hand, there is no excuse for being sick, unless the constitution be utterly irreclaimable.

As our object is to state where the genuine medicine can be obtained, rather than to give it an extended notice, we will confine ourselves to the sale of one or two of the numerous testimonials that have come to hand. Hundreds of the same kind might be adduced, but we are sure the public will see the truth of the trimming them.

Extract of a letter from Fernando, Mississippi.

"To W. Wright—Your Pills have given universal satisfaction, and are truly popular. I sell \$50 to \$40 annually.

WM. HENRY JOHNSTON, Agent."

It ought here to be remarked that the medicine has been but recently introduced into Mississippi.

Extract of a letter from Jerry Sherr, Penn.

"The Indian Vegetable Pills need every thing of the kind ever offered to the public in this section of the country, notwithstanding the combined efforts of some few unprincipled men to put them down."

S. WISCHERSTEIN & SON

Extract of a letter from the Editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"I have myself used your pills, and am satisfied of their beneficial effects in various diseases."

Following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

Sandwich, Sept. 4, 1844.

M. E. THORNTON, JR. Dear Sir—This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with violent colic and other distressing symptoms which accompany this disease. She often Bemoans to avail herself of the judicious physick of Dr. Wood, and to purchase his Balsam. By the solicitation of a friend, I was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's Sarapilla and Wild Cherry Bitter. After taking one bottle she was relieved entirely of the headache, and after taking two or three bottles, the other symptoms entirely disappeared.

N. B. GIBBS.
North Faithaven, Long Plain, June 16, 1845.

M. E. THORNTON, JR. Dear Sir—My daughter has been for more than two years afflicted with a confirmed Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, together with a severe and constant headache. During this time, she was constantly attended by the most skillful and intelligent physicians, but with little or no relief, until we found the disease was rapidly taking the form of confirmed consumption. At this time, I determined to have recourse to Dr. Wood's Sarapilla and Wild Cherry Bitter, as prepared by you, and it gives me the sincerest pleasure to state, that after the use of a few bottles, my daughter was happily restored to health. I have the highest confidence in this medicine, and shall cheerfully recommend it to my friends.

ANSEL WHITE.

The cure described in the above certificate of Mr. White, is by no means a singular one. There are hundreds who have been cured from the most acute and long continued diseases, by the use of this excellent and highly popular remedy. The proprietor recommends it to the public with the utmost confidence, for in all cases where it has had a fair trial, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. The care with which it is prepared, and the intrinsic excellence of its medicinal properties, and have secured to it, a character which is well deserved. The prejudice usually existing against advertised medicines, would be easily refuted by a trial on this. The wonderful cures it has performed, and the acknowledged celebrity of its principal constituents, should at once recommend it to the public favor.

It is particularly and ask for Dr. Wood's Sarapilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.

E. THORNTON, JR., sole Proprietor,
New Bedford, Mass.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent, PARIS. A. Hall, South Paris. Hall & Dow, Newbury.

EDWARD MASON, Portland; and sold by Agents throughout the New England States.

Oct. 24, 1846.

63 Main-street, 51



Asiatic Liniment.
THIS LINIMENT is decidedly the VERY best preparation ever got up for the cure of Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Gout, Spinal Irritation, and almost any local Inflammation. It may be considered a desideratum in the list of curatives, coming in estimation by any other preparation of the kind, is prompt and effectual, and may be relied on as perfectly safe in all cases for which it is used. It will not and the clothing nor the skin, as do most of the "tonic" pounds" brought out under the name of Liniment, but is perfectly clean and has a fragrant smell, which is of more importance than many suppose who imagine that any thing that smells sweet has, and is offensive in the highest degree, must surely possess wonderful power as a Medicine. It is put up in a neat and attractive style, and sells at the low price of 25 Cents per Bottle.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Prepared and sold by

H. K. HIRSHLEY, Apothecary,
Portland, Me.

For sale by TUBBS & PORTER, Paris; Nath'l Hurlow, West Buckfield; Sydenham Brigham, Rockfield, J. S. Remond, H. H. Remond, & Son, West Remond; Henry Ward, West Remond; Smith & Smith, Newell, Farnum, & C. T. Chase, Dixfield; J. M. Weston, Canton; Jefferson Congdon, Litchfield; J. A. Kimball, N. Turner; Wm. B. Hoy, Turner Village; Jas. Parsons, Minot, N. L. Humphreys, Canterbury; John A. Berry, Saco; Albert Harting, Saco; D. B. Clement, J. & N. Parker, and Robt. & Co., Gorham; N. Raymond & Son, Lewiston; Robert Ingalls, N. H.; and the Druggists generally.

For sale in Portland by JOSHUA DURGIN & Co., and by the Druggists generally. (Oct. 23, 1845-13.)

**EDWARD REILLY,
TAILOR,**

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he may be constantly found at the shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Denison, at

South Paris,

where the Tailoring business, in all its branches, is carried on in a faithful and honest-like manner.

All Garments warranted to sit or pay

Gentlemen, wishing for fashionable clothing, are requested to try him and see if these things be so."

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS

Received at his Shop regularly as soon as published.

* Wanted immediately—Two Apprentice Girls

South Paris, June, 1846.

18

**C. W. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MEXICO, M. I. S. S.**

Wanted,
\$1000 in payment of arrears for the
Democratic Advertising, &c.

October 6, 1846.

JOHN YOUNG,
ASTONISHING CURES OF
CONSUMPTION!

Two cases pronounced beyond the reach of Medical art.

Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the former case of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, in my daughter, who had been a number of years afflicted with a bad complaint, pain in the side, pain in the head, pain in the joints, and rheumatism, for which she had been treated by the use of a few bottles. One of my children was also treated by the use of this medicine, and recovered.

At present she is in a fair condition, and this medicine is a great blessing to her.

I am greatly yours,

FRANCIS J. WEEKES.

Bethel, Me., June, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—Mr. Clark, of Palmyra, a friend of mine, was taken sick about a year ago with bad cough, pain in the side, general debility, &c. He consulted several doctors who prescribed for him—but was finally cast off.

He could not get well!

He stopped taking medicines, and continued to grow worse, until he was as weak that he could scarcely sit up. He saw a notice of the Hungarian Balsam, presented a bottle, and consented to take it according to the directions, and, strange to

say, in a few months he was a strong man, and as he believed, permanently cured.

Yours, respectively,

H. G. O. WASHBURN, Bookseller,

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1, 1846.

MORE CURES OF SEATED CONSUMPTION!

Important testimony of Physicians and Druggists.

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1, 1846.

In order to make this best of medicines the cheapest before, good doubt, and defy all competition as to quality and price, the proprietor has been induced to put his large bottles at 1 dollar for 1 bottle—6 bottles for 5 dollars.

THE LEAST MEDICINE FOR THE LEAST MONEY. It is hardly necessary to say anything in praise of this valuable medicine, as its use has become so general that any one can hear of it by inquiring of his neighbor, but we will give a certificate, one of hundreds that might be furnished, from a gentleman, who has reason to be, and is thankful for the almost miraculous Cure effected in his own case when all else had failed.

127 Read the following:

BATH, Me., April 20, 1844.

M. F. BROWN—Dear Sir: I am much gratified in having

an opportunity to announce to you that having used three bottles of your Sarapilla and Tomato Bitters, I have been, from a state of general debility and decline, and continual suffering, reduced to the enjoyment of good health. For a number of years I have been bedridden with the Liver Complaint, and dyspepsia followed with loss of appetite, debility, and debility, and a sinking and oppressive sensation at the stomach, most painful and distressing, which gradually decreased my strength and led me into a decline, and debilitated me so much as to cause fears for my recovery; while in this situation I was induced by the persuasion of a friend, to make a trial of your Bitter, and was much disappointed in finding an immediate relief.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all question, a most perfect and invaluable preparation for diseases of the lungs. I have used it in my family, and in my professional practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The astonishing sale of Buchan's

Hungarian Balsam obliges us to order a further supply.

Please send us, a sufficient quantity for six months.

We can give you

certificates from numerous individuals who have

had great success with the Balsam, Colds, Coughs, &c.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—We have long been engaged in

FIRMLY SEALED CONSUMPTION—our literally snatched from the grave!

As a remedy for such complaints, we confidently believe it has never been surpassed.

Yours,

DR. BRADLEE.

Bath, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all

doubt, the best of medicines for diseases of the lungs.

I have used it in my family, and in my professional

practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most

uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary

Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all

doubt, the best of medicines for diseases of the lungs.

I have used it in my family, and in my professional

practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most

uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary

Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all

doubt, the best of medicines for diseases of the lungs.

I have used it in my family, and in my professional

practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most

uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary

Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all

doubt, the best of medicines for diseases of the lungs.

I have used it in my family, and in my professional

practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most

uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary

Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.

Dr. Bradlee—Sir—The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all

doubt, the best of medicines for diseases of the lungs.

I have used it in my family, and in my professional

practice for more than twenty years, and it is the most

uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary

Consumption, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases with which I am acquainted.

Yours, PECK & SPEAR.

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.